My love as deepe, the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite:
I heare some noise within, deare Love adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Rom. O blessed, blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Jul. Three words deare *Romeo*, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I'le procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rites,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'le lay,
And follow thee my Love throughout the world. Madam.
I come anon: but if thou meanst not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soule.
Jul. A thousand times good-night.
Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy sight.
Love goes toward love as Schoole-boyes from their bookes,
But love from love toward Schoole with heavie lookes.
Enter Juliet *againe.*
Jul. Hist *Romeo*, hist: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound Lovers tongues by night?
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
Jul. Romeo.
Rom. My Deere.
Jul. What a clocke to morrow

Shall

Shall I send to thee?
Rom. By the houre of
Jul. I will not faile,
I have forgot why I did
Rom. Let me stand h
Jul. I shall forget to
Remembring how I lov
Rom. And 'Ile still st
Forgetting any other h
Jul. 'Tis almost mor
And yet no farther tha
That lets it hop a little
Like a poore prisoner i
And with a silken thre
So loving jealous of his
Rom. I would I were
Jul. Sweet so would
Yet I should kill thee w
Good night, good nigh
Parting is such sweet so
That I shall say good ni
Ro. Sleep dwell upo
Would I were sleepe a
Hence will I to my gho
His helpe to crave, and

Enter

Fri. The grey ey'd m
Checkring the Eastern
And fleckeld darknesse
From forth dayes path
Now ere the sunne adv
The day to cheere, and
I must upfill this Osier
With balefull weeds, a
The earth that's nature
What is her burying G